

## The Evening World

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## GOOD FOR EVERYBODY.

A few days after election is the customary time for audible political reflections.

It is hard to see how things in this State could have turned out better for everybody. And next to all the people of the State the greatest election beneficiary is Mr. Hearst himself.

A candidate who, even though defeated, runs ahead of his ticket is still in the political arena. Mere defeat of itself squelches nobody. Jefferson, Lincoln, Cleveland, Bryan and other American political leaders not only survived defeat but were stronger after it.

But no candidate who runs tens of thousands of votes behind everybody else on his ticket, and who alone is singled out by the

people for rebuke, has ever hitherto found a political party willing to repeat the invitation to defeat.

Were Mr. Hearst nothing but a politician this would be the end of him. Had he no other power or strength than that of his Independence League, he would already be defunct of public life.

But Mr. Hearst is the editor and proprietor of a newspaper of large circulation and wide influence. His paper has done, and is doing, much

good. It also has done, and is doing, much harm. It reaches a constituency extending beyond the confines of the Governor of New York. It speaks every day, and year after year. Its power and influence do not cease at the end of a two-year term.

No newspaper should be responsible for a political party or for a Governor. Whenever either a party or a Governor does wrong, it is the newspaper's duty to give full publicity to the facts and to admonish the offenders. The evils of misgovernment need above all other things a free, unbiased press for their check and correction.

How could Editor Hearst keep vigilant watch over Gov. Hearst? How could Mr. Hearst's newspapers fearlessly and impartially criticize Gov. Hearst's administration? Their stifling would be the suppression of the publicity to which their hundreds of thousands of readers are entitled.

Also no political party should be responsible for a newspaper. How could Gov. Hearst, and through him the Independence League and the Democratic party, escape being held responsible for the editorial policy and the news exaggerations of Mr. Hearst's newspapers? Would not the many libelled plaintiffs manifest a natural political grievance? Would not the editorials be regarded as executive messages?

Mr. Hearst has great ability and many talents. His devotion of these to office seeking has caused a manifest deterioration in the contents and tone of his newspapers, a lessening of their influence and a loss of circulation and revenue.



The conduct of a great newspaper is enough power and opportunity for any man. It leaves no spare time or thought for personal office-holding. The perversion of the power of Mr. Hearst's newspapers to his personal selfish ambition was a blow to the honor, dignity and influence of the public press.

After taking the vacation to which he is so much entitled, Mr. Hearst should return purified, chastened and determined to make his papers do more good and less harm. He should concentrate his efforts upon what the Star Incorporated represents and leave the Democratic emblem to the Democratic party. He will be free to aid all good citizens in deposing Murphy and in ejecting McCarren and all other political bosses. He will be unfettered except by a sense of editorial responsibility which it would be well for him to cultivate.

In the past few months Mr. Hearst must have learned a great deal. And even Mr. Hearst's young men may have learned something.

## Letters from the People.

## Defends City Noises.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In reference to the noise made around 6 o'clock by the milkman and baker boy, who awaken flat dwellers, no one can carry a basket of milk bottles and not make any noise. If the tradesfolk came later in the morning lots of people would be kicking. The same applies to the baker's boy and paper boy. If people are jarred by such city noises, why not move from dear old New York to the country, where the roosters and crows help people to wake up about 4 o'clock or earlier? Perhaps nervous people should get a law to stop them. P. A. H.

## Girls on Moderate Salaries.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I think that most girls expect too much salary. I am a young girl of twenty and am home-loving. I think that if a girl knows how to sew and keep her home nice she could get along on \$10 or \$12 a week. I am sure I could. I would be pleased to see answers from other girls to this letter. BROOKLYN GIRL.

## A Distance Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Please give this problem to readers to solve: If a man walks three and one-half miles in one hour, how long will it take him to walk one foot? It can be solved easily. M. THIBEL, Staten Island.

## Dangerous Subway Stairs.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Some one is going to break a nose or a leg on the Subway stairs some day. In the rush hour at the Brooklyn Bridge Station, people jam the passageway from ticket choppers' box in a double stream that converges at the stair top heading to the tracks. They rush down this

to catch trains, and not one in three can reach the headstair to steady themselves. When this fact is wet and slippery there is a scrambling and jostling that seems to me to be an "accident." S. S. ERICSEN.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the salary of the President of the United States? THOS. H. HALPIN.

## New View of the Janitor.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I wonder if landlords realize the advantage of a good janitor? Not the sort that saves the landlord a few dollars a year by skimping on gas, coal and other necessities, but the sort who, by his efficiency and willing cheerfulness, keeps tenants pleased with the house. The janitor is really the key-stone to a house's popularity. If he is good, the house will thrive and keep full. If he is not, people will leave on expiration of lease, if not sooner. The janitor who saves the landlord \$200 a year in damaged gas, coal and service loses him \$1000 in departing tenants. Get landlords to puzzle this out for themselves and "jack up" their janitors. JANITOR.

## "Curlers and Corsets."

To the Editor of The Evening World: I see by a fashion paper, that kid curlers have supplanted the old-time clamps and other tortures that in turn succeeded those horrors known as curl rollers. Why women will make themselves wilfully hideous for the sake of having frizzy hair for a few hours is a mystery no mere man may ever hope to understand. What rentals can explain it? Until they can cast away their barbaric notions let women never claim equality with men. Curlers and Corsets, farewell! MERE MAN.

## Sympathy Is the Keynote of Love.



By Helen Oldfield



NEVERTHELESS, sympathy, deep and strong, always should exist between man and wife, and unless the beginning thereof are felt plainly and clearly manifested before marriage it is wise to call a halt and, as the Scotch say, "bide a wee."

Can two walk together except they be agreed? The college professor who falls in love with the pretty face and careless gaiety of a grade pupil who cares nothing what-aver for books, the spoiled filly of fashion who is enamored of the animal beauty of her father's groom, can hope for nothing save misery and disappointment. If that errant fancy lead to a mistaken marriage. Undoubtedly it is a great start in life for a man to be born a gentleman, and it is the height of recklessness folly for other man or woman to throw away the advantage given by that start when it comes to matrimony.

As already said, "sympathy" is an elastic term and one which is susceptible of different interpretations. Perhaps the meaning which it most frequently holds is that of admiration and approbation, not to say adulation and flattery. Every visitor to the zoo must have noticed how beasts and birds all like to be admired, neither is the love of approbation a bad thing in the educational scheme of the universe.

It is not to be denied that women sometimes are vain that they have been known to fish for compliments, that they long for "sympathy" and not infrequently pass by the eligible suitor who refuses to flatter them in favor of some vaunter who always is ready with his pretty speeches. But although woman may yearn for the praise of man quite as much as he for hers she never, except in the courtship days, and not always then, is in a position to demand it, still less to exact it.

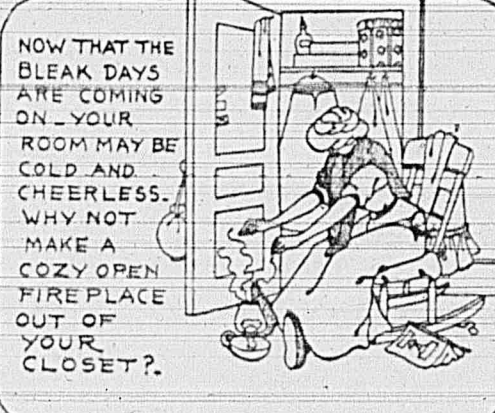
For most men there is no special reason for pursuing a woman after he has her safely bound by the marriage ceremony. But for the woman there always is an object in praising, flattering and cajoling the man. The woman who understands how to keep a man in a good humor with himself and with her always can wind him around her fingers by that gentle art of skilled adulation. It is a most important thing for the woman who wishes to win a man to remember that no man can stand being contradicted, criticised unfavorably, nor censured. The "sympathy" which a man delights in from a woman is a thorough belief in him; the confidence that he always is in the right; and the shocked disgust which he feels at plainly uttered criticism is enough to cool his ardor for almost any woman. A man may be altogether incapable of affording sympathy to the woman who is yearning for it, but he expects it from her at all times and seasons, served up with breakfast, lunch and dinner, highly seasoned and piping hot.

The woman who, as the saying is, "plays to win" never must fail to listen sympathetically (that is, with breathless interest) when the man she desires to please talks about himself. She must listen brightly to detailed accounts of what "I did, I saw, I thought, I said," nor ever show a sign of weariness. The wise woman of the world never lets fall a word of sarcasm, or incredulity, or indifference. Any of these are fatal. She never allows herself to find a flaw in an eligible suitor. She knows better. So, also, in less degree perhaps, with the wife.

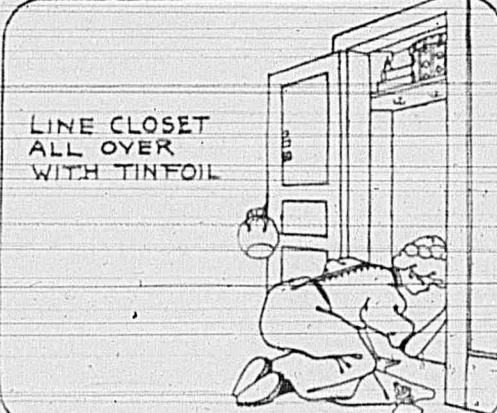
A wife who pretends to furnish a potential supply of appreciation of encouragement, of steadfast belief in her husband's wisdom, of approval of all that he says and does, thus is what the average man means by wifely sympathy. Neither is there any doubt that if there be anything in him he is the better for it, that many a man has gone further on the road to fortune than he otherwise would have done because of the woman who admired him and told him so without ceasing.—Chicago Tribune.

## Hints from the House Horrible; or, How to

By Jean Mohr.



NOW THAT THE BLEAK DAYS ARE COMING ON—YOUR ROOM MAY BE COLD AND CHEERLESS. WHY NOT MAKE A COZY OPEN FIREPLACE OUT OF YOUR CLOSET?



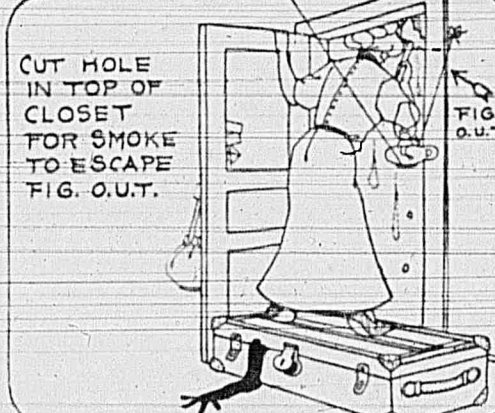
LINE CLOSET ALL OVER WITH TINFOIL.



FIRE DOGS MAY BE ADDED WITH A PRETTY BOW OF PINK CHIFFON TO GIVE THEM TONE.



THEN YOU ARE READY FOR A COMFY EVENING AT HOME BESIDE THE BLAZING LOGS.



CUT HOLE IN TOP OF CLOSET FOR SMOKE TO ESCAPE FIG. OUT.



AND—THE SMOKE GOES UP THE CHIMNEY JUST THE SAME.

## AFTER THE CONGREGATION.

Reverend Party—Have you got an alarm clock guaranteed to wake 500 people? Shopman—Wh-ah! Five hundred? Mrs. Grimwig—Certainly not! The price is a great deal too small for such a happy release. Do it at once, and you give me a shilling—Smiles.

## CALLED HIS BLUFF.

Cadaver (whilly)—Bodacious fella! Will yer see a pore, starvin' bloke kill 'iself before yer sh, when tuppence would save his life? Mrs. Grimwig—Certainly not! The price is a great deal too small for such a happy release. Do it at once, and you give me a shilling—Smiles.

## THE ETERNAL QUESTION.

"I asked Bridget why she wanted to leave me, and told her I was sure we had always treated her as one of the family." "And what did she say?" "Why, she replied, 'Indeed, an' you how, main, an' Olive stood it long enough.'"—Sketchy Bits.

## SECOND TRIP.

On a certain road in Nevada the trains are very slow. A passenger asked the conductor: "How far to the next station?" The conductor replied, "Fifty miles." "And how long have you worked on this road?" "Twenty-five years." "Is this your second trip?"

## NEW YORK THROUGH

## FUNNY GLASSES

By Irvin S. Cobb

## The Home-Grown Bohemian—A Human Wampus.

BEING a Bohemian is one of the learned professions that pays best in this town. The Bohemian is the star-eyed wampus of the whole menagerie, and the wampus, as all know, is the most highly prized creature in captivity. It abhors water in any form, goes for long seasons without changing its coat and eats freely only when fed by others. Thus with the wampus and thus with the Bohemian.

If a man who works in a drug store or a faro bank or a pie works or a sausage conservatory, or some such sordid commercial place begins to have a breath like a hot mine-pit at night and like the entrance to a subway station in the morning, and if he begins to look as if he dressed while lying down, and if he wears one shirt until it gets black in the face from the exertion of trying to look white, we have the correct diagnosis for Mr. Bohemian right away.

"He must be drinking," we say. "How exquisitely disgusting. Better give him the hook."

Nor is the disciplinary hook long delayed. They give it to him, and he promptly goes to the dogs, and, as is usual in such cases, the dogs spurn him, and he falls back upon his friends as the next best thing, and they hand him the hook, which is likewise a customary proceeding.

He is next found in the merry-go-round world at Bellevue, wearing one of those hobby-horsing exotics of cardboard that does up the back, pinches the neck, and he imagines that he's one of the brass rings, and that the spangled leopards and the albino wampuses are enrolling for him as they go circling by; or some other equally quaint conceit develops to keep his mind occupied.

But suppose, on the contrary, it's a genius who once wrote one of those scrambled magazine sonnets that almost got printed, or a talented youth who nearly painted a picture or a coming playwright who missed his train. Some day we observe that he is letting his hair grow long and black, and his finger nails the same. And we hear that he has seemed to trail the writing spoon bett to its native lair and there devour it without the use of chloroform or resia



on the fingers; also, that he keeps himself warm with about fifteen Bourbon undershirts a day. Likewise, that he has fallen into the habit of eating his dinner after midnight and his supper the next day at noon just before he starts in on breakfast. Do we then give him the hook? Not so as to be apparent to the naked eye.

"A real Bohemian," we say. "How delightful! Let us invite him to dinner and maybe he'll be brilliant for us."

So he comes, with his long, grizzled locks full of foreign suspended matter, such as feathers and a collar that would be regarded as a violation of the sanitary laws in a small provincial city, where the crude middle classes prefer cleanliness to epigrams. He arrives an hour late, eats with his fingers exclusively, takes Worcestershire sauce with his lemon ice and in the presence of the entranced company washes his favored brow in the finger bowl and polishes it on the loose end of his Upton Sinclair necktie. Whereupon we say: "How splendid! He is a real Bohemian!"

But he isn't. The real Bohemian lives on the upper East Side, between the brewery belt and the macaroni district, and he has a name that sounds like a mouthful of hot rice pudding with a lot of "zz" stirred into it. He comes from a land where there are several large rivers, and he has the habit of bathing frequently. He carries his local color in his accent and not on his shirt front.

THE PUNY PART: Why is it, then, that we neglect the imported Bohemian and coddle the home-grown variety?

"TWENTY-FIVE ROMANCES OF PROGRESS," by Albert Payson Terhune, author of "The Fifty Greatest Events in History," will be published on this page of Monday's Evening World. Article No. 14 "GALILEO the Man Who Would Take Nothing for Granted."

## Is Asylum or Jail the Place

## For Man Who Has Five Wives?

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

I am a crazy when he marries five women and courts a sixth? This question has come before the Criminal Court of New York, O. and five doctors have been called upon to decide it.

All the marriages have been perpetrated since 1896 and all five wives are alive, and needless to say, kicking over the syndication of the unhappy man's affections.

It will probably take five doctors five months or so to determine this much-marrying person's insanity, though the common-sense mortal would decide the question in five minutes.

It used to be thought proper to beat the insane. We have outgrown that pleasing custom, but we still put the unfortunate creature with five wives in jail instead of in an asylum. If we did this with the benevolent idea of saving him from his fate our action would be more or less commendable, but our intent is the impossible one of punishing him more than if we left him at large.

Lord Cokla, who asked to me the greatest penalty of bigamy, replied: "Two mothers-in-law!" If we extend this view to the offense we may call quinquamy for want of a better word, the idea that any man with a remnant of sanity would commit it and run the risk of five mothers-in-law becomes absurdly impossible.

The man who fancies he wants five wives and an equal number of mothers-in-law is as much deserving of our pity and restraining care as the unfortunate soul who imagines he is a poached egg or a frothy porcupine. We put the self-righteous poached egg in an asylum, but the grilled victim of too much matrimony goes to jail.

Of course, jail is the best place for him, but think of the five vengeful ladies balked of the daily torture they might have been able to inflict on him had he been left at liberty!

The penalties we invent for crime are often less than those the offenses themselves work out.

And in the case of the bigamist, the crime certainly carries its punishment along with it.

## Love Letters of a Hand-Made Count.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

DEAR ANNIE: I take pen in hand to ask you if you love me. I write because my creditors against the wall now shove me. I clasp you in my arms, just like I did in the cotillon. So, how about it, Annie? Can't you slip me just a million? To tell the truth, mon ami, I am badly strapped for money. I kiss you on the neck. Send the dough along to Bunn.

Dear Wife: Was deeply touched to-day; and now I am for touching. Oh! can't you loosen up a few of those dear frames you're clutching? I need the loaves in my biz. My hungry friends are needy. I love you with a raging love. Don't leave poor Hubby needy. My love is infinite and pure. Don't act as if 'twere funny. Just mail a little check to-day to, yours for writing, Bunn.

Dear Ann: It pains me deeply, love, to learn you are disgusted. However—I'll respond to say, for my part, I am busted. Oh! take me back. I'll take you back. We'll live for one another. And see if you cannot secure more money from that brother. Don't let me die like one lone dog. Take pity on me, Honey; Or, if you cannot take me, send a little cash to Bunn.